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has produced on the stone—apparently without the aid of any technical trick to imitate the “wash” effect—a “nocturne” as delicate and beautiful as any original water-color “note” of his that I have seen. Only a very small edition of the set has been issued, and the price, it may be added, is strictly in accordance with the high Whistlerian tariff.

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THE views of a majority of artists and connoisseurs in regard to the “Angelus” would probably be found to be identical with those of Benjamin Constant, expressed as follows in *Le Soir*, a Paris journal:

“Millet put all his artist's soul into the ‘Angelus,’ but he forgot to be the painter that he had so often been, with the large brush, the warm, blond color and splendid manner that we find triumphant in his ‘Parc aux Moutons,’ in the ‘Glaneuses,’ or in the ‘Baratteuse.’ In the ‘Angelus’ the tone is too reddish and the hand-work heavy and tired. We feel that Millet often returned with anxiety to this canvas, and that in its execution he was unable, in spite of his desire, to discreetly sustain the calm sensation throughout the picture. What Millet shows us in this canvas is certainly below what he dreamed. He felt, I am sure, that the artists would one day prefer his ‘Glaneuses’ and many other of his works which form the beautiful series of poems that has made his glory. Still, the ‘Angelus’ is a splendid work, but it cannot be considered as Millet's masterpiece; this, at least, is the opinion of a large number of painters and connoisseurs. Half of its success comes from the astonishing bids, which excited public curiosity. Certain visitors here, as well as in Paris, make superhuman efforts to admire, as it ought to be admired, a painting that cost over one hundred thousand dollars.”

And a correspondent reminds me that the late Thomas G. Appleton, of Boston, thought the “Angelus” was too dear at six hundred dollars! “To be sure, at that moment it was on Millet's easel at Barbizon,” he adds.

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THERE was recently a flutter or excitement over the rumor that a new Water-Color Society was to be formed in New York. A meeting actually did take place in a studio building near the Park, with this idea in view, but it came to nothing. The artists and the public, I think, are to be congratulated on the upshot of this movement. While the management of the American Society of Water-Color Painters, perhaps, is not all that could be wished, it is as good as can reasonably be expected. Certainly it is liberal to a degree. The fewer divisions that there be among our artists the better. All should pull together, with the common aim of advancing the art of the country, resolutely ignoring personal grievances so far as may be. MONTEZUMA.

THE WATER-COLOR EXHIBITION.

THE twenty-third annual exhibition of the American Water Color Society was heralded by the usual variety of statements from those of the members who had been permitted to visit it before it was opened to the public—that it was one of the best displays the society had yet made, and that it was one of the very cheapest, times in the studios having been bad and everybody having painted to sell. On careful inspection, however, neither of these descriptions appears to be quite exact, and the exhibition is rather apt, on the contrary, to strike the visitor as being much like some of its recent predecessors, even to the repetition of the same subjects and the same motifs by the same men. The water-colorists, having gotten rid of the painters in black-and-white two or three years ago, have now dismissed in their turn the etchers' club, and have thus their exhibition all to themselves. It is evident that, in point of numbers at least, they are not in any need of re-enforcements, the number of pictures hung being six hundred and forty-five, and of those rejected the total is variously given at from one thousand to sixteen hundred. No works are hung in the corridor, which is devoted to general furnishing and to some very useful seats. All the galleries are unobtrusively decorated with neat hangings and an occasional Japanese bronze, and the experiment of the “white room” has been again tried in the East Room of the Academy.

The general average of merit is much higher among the landscapes than it is among the figure-pictures—as is always observed of American exhibitions, but this year the figure-painters do not appear to have very seriously tried to keep up their end of the balance. Mr. Abbey has a charming picture, and Mr. Smedley a very clever one, Mr. Alden Weir, a good example, Mr. Blum, a very rough sketch, Mr. Albert E. Sterner, a dainty presentation of a young lady and Mr. Irving R. Wiles, three or four pictures which do not show him at his best as a painter—and all the others have been more or less uninspired. But among the landscapes, as usual, the num-

ber of good paintings is surprising, even outside of the “Dutch school.”

Mr. Abbey calls his picture “Visitors,” and his costumes and mise en scène are the old-fashioned English ones of which he is so fond. Two of his pretty, placid, high-eyebrowed young women seat themselves beside a tea-table on the outside of a brick country house and loosen their bonnet-strings while the grave servant paces off to announce them. There are some straggling vines and rose-bushes on the wall behind them, and the long, simple composition is pervaded by a very pleasant feeling of diffused light and atmosphere and of temperate color. Mr. Smedley's “Thanksgiving Dinner” was a more difficult subject—a modern dinner-table set against a lighted window, the happy father at one end and the thankful young mother at the other holding baby's hands together for prayers, while the beaming nurse stands by. Luckily, the painter's skill in drawing came to hand to help him through this very unpromising situation, the various characters are quite neatly defined and their actions equally spirited and unexaggerated. The artist's second important work, “A Late Arrival,” might be considered a still less inspiring theme—an embarrassed young man walking down the long piazza of a country hotel, past a row of very ill-bred, giggling misses and a supercilious old lady who puts up her eye-glasses. The story is very well told, but it may be doubted if it were worth telling.

Mr. Weir's best work is probably his “Patient Sufferer,” a sick horse, “slung” in his stall, so true is it that art is no respecter of subjects. But this study is quite admirable in tone and color. He has also a good “Sheepfold” and a young wife, in a very well-rendered pink gown, posing her elbow on her writing-table while she meditates an appropriate phrase for the end of her letter to her “Absent One.” A little girl in a white dress and black stockings, spinning a big metal top, sits on the floor at her feet. Mr. Blum's sketch for a study of a Venetian bead-stringer has a ludicrous effect of exasperation upon the average citizen who stops in front of it, and who is quite unable to see any semblance of a picture in this inchoate blot; Mr. Sterner's “Sweetheart” is quite justly named, which is the highest praise that could be bestowed upon her. She sits studying the sheets of her music with her chin down in her sealskin cape; she has pretty, soft feminine hair, and a very pretty dress of some palish green fabric, and a general air of urban distinction and grace about her, in which she is not equalled by any other pictured young lady in the whole show, not even by Mr. Abbey's English damsels. For it can be justly said that the “water-color young woman”—to quote a visitor in the galleries—generally has an excessively commonplace and uninviting air about her. Whatever she is about, and she does a good many things, she is usually dull to a depressing degree.

Mr. Sterner's “Ophelia” is evidently out of his line, being unsympathetic and not very well drawn. The best of Mr. Wile's pictures is his largest one, “The Convalescent,” sitting in her pillows in a big chair, while the stylish visitor who has been playing for her turns around on her piano stool a moment to show us her neat profile. The partially averted head of the invalid girl is very cunningly done—her pretty languor, her femininity and her awakened interest are all revealed in a bit of nose and mouth and eye.

The “Mermaids” of Mr. Maynard is a repetition of a theme in which he found a considerable degree of success last year. Here the mariner's boat plunges through a smother of foam, in the midst of which are seen the white forms of the sea-nymphs. The composition is spirited and graceful, and the blue-green sea water is well rendered. Mr. de Thulstrup reminds us of his recent tour in Russia by a large study of a “Moujik” sower, in a twilight field, and by another of a Russian sleigh, drawn at the usual frantic pace by three uncommonly black horses. Howard Helmick, of Washington, D. C., sends three scenes of Irish cabin life, full of a familiar, old-fashioned kind of humor, and Mr. George Wharton Edwards, some studies of Dutch peasant life that look rather crude beside the works of the real Hollanders.

The latter and their American allies are the true heroes of the exhibition, though it is difficult to say why the “cheerful” and decorative art of water-color painting should be best represented by sympathetic renderings of pigs, peasants and gloom. But for real painter-like qualities, both in the figure pieces and the landscapes, this group of artists still holds the lead. In the Paris Exposition of last summer the display of oil paintings in the Holland exhibit was considered so un-

worthy the national renown that a small collection of water-colors by Bosboom, Poggenbeek, Mesdag, Mauve and one or two others was afterward hung on a low screen set up in the middle of the gallery. All of these were excellent examples, and most of them were promptly sold. In the Academy exhibition there are specimens by Wissenbroch, Poggenbeek, Valkenberg, Bastert, Kever and Anne Hugenholtz. Of the American disciples, foremost still is Horatio Walker, one of the truest artists in the best sense of the word of whom this country can boast. H. W. Ranger is but little behind him; he returns from his European sojourn stronger than ever in technic. Among some new-comers of the same school is Mr. Clark Crum, who, with his peasant boy feeding two little lambs with a bottle, shows fine feeling for quality of tone and mysteriously low color. Mr. Mente is another, as also Mr. Bartlett, with a very little scrap of gloomy woodland. C. Morgan McIlhenney's “Close of a November Day,” too, with its herd of cattle advancing through the thick twilight, is well worth noting.

The franker and simpler-minded landscape painters, of whom Bolton Jones, W. S. Macy and Bruce Crane may be taken as examples, are also well represented, and likewise those others, who, like Messrs. Dewey, Murphy and, occasionally, the two Messrs. Eaton, believe in a little melancholy sentiment and have a fondness for yellows. Walter Palmer still paints snowy winter scenes with an elaboration of icy twig work that defeats itself by revealing the studio work; Arthur Parton has a good study of a very wet roadway; Edward Moran, a very spirited study of a dashing wave against a rocky coast, half veiled in a mist. There is a Turneresque Venetian view by Thomas Moran, characteristically pretty girls by Leon and Percy Moran, a large, rocky coast scene by William T. Richards, two or three very domestic genres by T. W. Wood, two or three allegories by Mr. Church and a bootblack by J. G. Brown. The flower pieces are many, and include some work of uncommon merit.

THE long struggle among the French artists for predominance in the management of the Salon, during which the two camps, the one under the leadership of Bouguereau, the other under that of Meissonier, have been lately arrayed in open hostility, has ended in the formation by the latter of the Society of the National Salon, with Meissonier for its president. The list of members is headed by Roll, Gervex, Besnard, Dagnan-Bouveret, Puvis de Chavannes, Cazin and Dalou. The question of recompenses granted to foreign artists at the Universal Exhibition, alleged as the cause of the quarrel, was merely a pretext. The real reason is to be found in the jealousy and vanity of cliques. Undoubtedly, the present jury system of the Salon is very defective and very unjust. The artists vote for their professors as members of the jury, and the professors, in return, accept the “croûtes” of their pupils. Then, the system of exemptions has brought to the Palais de l'Industrie each year an ever-increasing number of bad paintings. Because an artist has once in his life painted a picture sufficiently good to obtain a third-class medal, it does not necessarily follow that he will always thereafter paint equally well; and there is no good reason why he should not be obliged to submit his pictures to the jury each year. Meissonier, who had been banished from the councils of the Artists' Society since the painters had control of the Salon, is no doubt highly delighted at the opportunity afforded him of soothing his wounded vanity. He has had no difficulty in carrying with him a number of men of talent who were dissatisfied with the existing order of things. All these dissenting members, as we have said, have now formed themselves into an independent society, where there will be no medals awarded and no exemptions made. Foreigners are to be admitted only by special invitation; if found worthy of the honor they may become associate members, and in time full members. So, it will be seen that there will be two Salons this year, one at the Palais de l'Industrie, as heretofore, and the other at the Palace on the Champ de Mars, which is to be opened May 15th.

THE BARYE MEMORIAL EXHIBITION.

FOURTH AND CONCLUDING NOTICE.

THE principle that scenes of repose admit of greater finish than scenes of excitement is well illustrated in the landscapes of Rousseau, though, of course, less obviously than in Delacroix's figure subjects. How different the handling of his quiet evening scenes, in which every bough and cloud and tuft of herbage is